

Miss Eddy with the exactness of an x-acto knife pro-
nounces our whole class Mort.

Dead.

Get on with the valentines.

The sun bounces off Miss Eddy's blonde fuzz
but cannot re-yellow a daffodil stuck in a glass on
her desk with no water.

Mrs Higgenbotham's Quest

Mrs. Higgenbotham searched for herself all day long
first behind the greenhouse door then under the
shelves in the library
and finally in her closet.

She unzipped two pink flowered dressbags and shook out
chiffon dresses printed with pink geraniums;
not even a speck of lint
fluttered to the floor
to remind her she had worn them;
or a moth;
or its eggs.

Wrenching open the glass door to the livingroom she
found Mr. Higgenbotham
nodding over a brandy and the New York Times
his hands cupped like asters on his knees.

Roger Higgenbotham, she said, What do you mean by
drinking brandy at two in the afternoon?

Mr. Higgenbotham smiled beatifically and said I'm
taking the news dear
any harm in that?
and his chins slipped back to his paisley vest:
his afternoon recorded in the rose chintz chimes of
three French doors
leading out into the garden.

Mrs. Higgenbotham walked out into her garden
still searching
and sat on a stone bench surrounded by pink geraniums
nodding in the sun.

-- Virginia Saunders

Lincoln, Massachusetts